

IN A LIVELY CITY

Cornelius Vanderbilt's Splendid
Palace in Prospect.

PHIL SHERIDAN'S PORTRAIT

New York's Architectural Digest.
The Administration and Report-
ers-Thieves at Funerals.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, somewhat to the surprise of the city, is to be the first great millionaire to build in this city a really grand mansion.

Are there plenty? Not exactly. The Tiffany house, the C. P. Huntington Italian villa, the W. K. Vanderbilt chateau are all very fine and grand, but not one has a bit of garden space about it. The late Mrs. Whitney's house—though it cost only \$200,000, at a bargain—is really the prettiest on the avenue, though even it has no garden. There are in the outskirts plenty of shaded and gardenized homes, but none on the avenue.

Now, Cornelius Vanderbilt is going to spend \$1,000,000 in improving his already sumptuous residence and in space about it. This will make the corner of Fifty-seventh street inconceivably the finest residence location in America.

The really splendid palace there now.

That was only a few years ago, comparatively. It is quite a long while since William H. Vanderbilt, the elder, paid \$400,000 for a tumble down old greenhouse and the land on which it stood. But that was 300 feet and two corners—only \$2,000 a foot.

Practically, Cornelius Vanderbilt is going to put more than \$1,000,000 into a dove yard. He can afford it. Though the head of the family he is probably the most popular of all the young Vanderbilts, having some idea of the duties of his position. He is charitable, looks like a prosperous butcher and is, up to date, less ostentatious than W. K. Vanderbilt, the next best known member of the family. His investments do not worry him. Once in awhile he strolls down to the Grand Central to talk things over with Depew. At one o'clock one of the negro St. Peter's at the gate brings up something—railway station sandwiches, perhaps, but perhaps something else—and the two taken pot luck in the president's inner office.

Cornelius and George Vanderbilt can get around town on foot when they feel like it. W. K. is more exclusive.

Think of the wealth represented within the little radius of a half mile or so from this Fifty-seventh street corner.

Every man who owns a residence within half a mile up or down and to a good distance on either side is either a millionaire or living beyond his means.

Huntington paid \$5,000 a foot for his corner lot, a trifle of \$40 an inch. A trifle less but not much less, for the Fifty-seventh street frontage. This shows how property has risen. Cornelius Vanderbilt paid only \$75,000 for his opposite corner with a good house on it, though to be sure that was promptly torn down to make room for the splendid palace there now.

That was only a few years ago, comparatively. It is quite a long while since William H. Vanderbilt, the elder, paid \$400,000 for a tumble down old greenhouse and the land on which it stood. But that was 300 feet and two corners—only \$2,000 a foot.

Practically, Cornelius Vanderbilt is going to put more than \$1,000,000 into a dove yard. He can afford it. Though the head of the family he is probably the most popular of all the young Vanderbilts, having some idea of the duties of his position. He is charitable, looks like a prosperous butcher and is, up to date, less ostentatious than W. K. Vanderbilt, the next best known member of the family. His investments do not worry him. Once in awhile he strolls down to the Grand Central to talk things over with Depew. At one o'clock one of the negro St. Peter's at the gate brings up something—railway station sandwiches, perhaps, but perhaps something else—and the two taken pot luck in the president's inner office.

Cornelius and George Vanderbilt can get around town on foot when they feel like it. W. K. is more exclusive.

The New Administration.

Newspaper men in Washington say that the new administration is going to be rather "down" on the press. The correspondent that is going to be more difficult to get news—and especially personal news—from the white house than it has been recently. If that's so Mr. Cleveland, as the leader of a party, makes a tactical mistake.

Professional jealousy? No, sir, plain fact. The newspaper man as an individual is like anybody else—just the ordinary human conglomerate of features, plus a notebook and a scribbler's cramp.

But there are fifty men at Washington—the chiefs of bureaus and the association men—who practically have a great deal to do with the opinions that 20,000,000 people have of public men and measures. For vastness of influence there's nothing like that little knot of correspondents. They're good fellows, too, picked men, the best of them. There's no harm in being on fairly good terms with them, dignified but unobtrusive.

Mrs. Cleveland is particularly anxious to keep baby Ruth's photographs out of the papers. In the first place she can't do it. It is like fighting the windmills. Besides, what harm do they do? I know some of those of molly wash has been printed about baby McKee. What of that?

Isn't the universal feminine interest in babies as legitimate as the universal masculine interest in prize fights?

Funerals at Funerals.

Edgar Poe made the hit of his life when in the opening chapter of "An Ambitious Woman," he described the desolate road to Calvary cemetery, with its rows and rows of gravestones. That road is the freest of graves—about why in the name of all that's incongruous funeral proceedings should need so much whisky I don't know. Howling drunken mourners and drivers don't enhance the list of funny things. Robberies are frequent.

There was Eddie Hagans' funeral. Eddie was a legislator and popular, and hosts of senators, representatives and city officials followed the hearse to the grave. The solemn old a tremendous

business. The great men were more or less full.

The thieves outdid themselves. Politicians who wore heavy seal rings and gold watches and had wads of money as big as a horse's head in their pockets. What a chance it was for the light-fingered! The losses aggregated several thousands of dollars actually reported. Many said nothing about their bad luck.

This is one cause of the difficulty. The funerals start in New York, cross part of Brooklyn and finish their journey in Long Island City. The police in each place are only anxious to get rid of them as soon as possible.

Smoking Women.

The "out of town correspondent" is sometimes charged with exaggerating this, that or the other social folly of Gotham.

But it wasn't an out of town correspondent—on the contrary, it was the superintendent of one of the big Union Square jewelry establishments—who said to me the other day: "I don't believe there is one woman in fifty in the social swim who doesn't know how to smoke."

"What?"

"Oh, I don't mean smoking to excess and I don't mean just smoking pipes or cigarettes. I mean just this: A woman after dinner can, when she is in company, light a cigarette and smoke probably half of it. Some smoke constantly. I don't mean that kind. Very few cannot smoke at all."

How comes a jeweler to speak about it with such confidence? Because jewelers sell ladies' cigarette holders by the hundred—tiny, jeweled things they are; a shaft with a clasp at the top to hold the tobacco roll and a ring for the little finger at the bottom. Some of these dainty trifles cost as high as \$500 or \$600 and are richly jeweled. Some are extremely cheap. That indicates a considerable range in the cigarette habit.

Phil Sheridan's Portrait.

A man who wrote the spirited poem about Phil Sheridan's ride to Winchester—T. Buchanan Read—was an artist as well as a poet; indeed, he was more of an artist than a poet, quantitatively, having written comparatively little. The best picture of Phil Sheridan in existence was painted by Read. It represents the gallant cavalryman as he was in 1864, on the back of a coal black charger.

The picture is the property of Mrs. Grant. An intimate friend of the widow tells me that once when Grant was alive Sheridan dined with the family and talk ran on the portrait.

"Sheridan ought to have that picture," said the old general. "Why don't you give it to him?" addressing Mrs. Grant.

"Because I want it myself," was the instant reply. DAVID WECHSLER.

SOLDIERS' NOSES.

The Use of Pocket Handkerchiefs in the Regular Army of Great Britain.

"The next thing we know," an old-fashioned British officer complained recently, "the war office will be issuing umbrellas for every soldier in the army, and a review at Wimbledon will see all the forces manœuvring under blue pin-ham. Umbrellas are surely the next thing to official pocket handkerchiefs. Military life becomes more effeminate every day!"

The occasion of this complaint was the issue by the war office of a military handkerchief, patented by an officer. On this handkerchief, which is intended primarily for the soldiers' noses, is printed all sorts of useful information concerning the use and construction of the Lee-Mitford rifle, the alphabet used by army signallers, the various bugle calls and so forth.

Not so very long ago the use of pocket handkerchiefs by soldiers on duty was not permitted at all. One day, however, an officer ordered a new recruit to fall back and blow his nose, and scolded him at the same time for not having "blowed it."

"Please, sir, I did blow it," answered the man, "but it wouldn't keep blowed."

The regulation which required the men to blow their noses, and yet forbid their using handkerchiefs, was irksome to recruits who had been "well brought up" but it was a necessary part of glorious war.—Youth's Companion.

Early Accounted For.

A young husband, finding that his pretty but extravagant wife was considerably exceeding their income, brought her home one evening a neat little account book, beautifully bound, and looking very attractive. This he presented to her, together with twenty pounds.

"Now, my dear," he said, "I want you to put down what I give you on this side, and on the other write down the way it goes, and in a fortnight I will give you another supply."

A couple of weeks later he asked her for the book.

"Oh! I have kept the account all right," said his wife, producing the little leather volume. "See, here it is," and one page was inscribed: "Received from Algy, twenty pounds." And on the opposite the comprehensive summary: "Spent it all!"—Vanderbilt Blade.

A Child's Version.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth," read the Sunday school teacher to her class of little girls. "Do any of you know what 'listeth' means?"

The children, with one exception, shook their heads. The exception was an eight-year-old, flaxen-haired girl who after a moment's reflection said, eagerly: "I know!"

"You may tell us, then," said the teacher, encouragingly.

"I'm afraid," said the little girl, in a dubious tone, "that I can't make the rest of them understand, for they haven't any grandpas in the country, and as I have. But there's always a strip on the bottom of the front door in the country, that grandpas told me was 'list' and if you could just feel the wind blow in under that door once," said the child in a tone of conviction, addressing the rest of the class, "you'd know what that word meant, in a minute!"—Youth's Companion.

There are 31,000 trained nurses in England, Ireland and Scotland.

THE
BOSTON STORE.

THE GREAT OPENING!

A Gorgeous Display of Dress Fabrics, Silks and
Millinery for This Week.GREAT LINES OF SPECIAL GOODS WILL BE OFFERED IN ALL OUR LEADING DEPARTMENTS!
MANY BARGAINS OF A SPLENDID CHARACTER FOR THIS WEEK!

A slight error in our advertising department was made last week in announcing the week just past as our spring opening week. Previously it was so arranged, but non-arrival of a large quantity of fine French Dress Goods, some Fancy Silks and a case of Laces, especially desired for opening week, compelled us to postpone our Spring display until this week. The order was so given, but through a misunderstanding the announcement was made for the past week and was not discovered until too late to rectify. Under these circumstances we made the best display we possibly could, and a splendid opening, indeed, was made, "the most successful in our experience." These shipments have now arrived and, as we intended, we shall make this week the great opening one for Spring 1893. These new Dress Goods, Silks and Laces will be the prominent features of this week's display, and we especially desire that every lady should see this week's display and the splendid bargains offered.

In this department our importations have been on a very extensive scale and enormous preparations made for a very large trade. Last week we received from France two large cases of fine Silk and Wool Dress fabrics. One case contained entirely exclusive fabrics called ONIDINES, some of these in suit pattern lengths. They are of a fine wool ground with patterns and shadings of silk woven on the cloth, many of them in changeable effects. We shall make a very full and special display throughout our entire dress goods aisle. We have engaged four extra thoroughly experienced salesmen for our dress goods department, and every one shall be waited upon promptly, and efficiently.

We received last week a large shipment of Laces and Trimmings. These will be opened up for this week's opening trade. Special display of Laces, Trimmings and Ribbons.

A magnificent addition has been made to this department for this week's display by the delivery of special purchase of fancy silks. These are in plaids and in fancy patterns for trimmings and shirt waists. Also a large addition of Printed China Silks to be sold at half a dollar per yard. These are splendid goods and ladies should make selections as early as possible.

A splendid addition has been made in Trimmed Hats for this week. A few special patterns were received last week, and a large display will be made this week. Ladies should visit this opening. The display will be very attractive.

We have now received very complete stocks of wash fabrics. Every department is now loaded with a magnificent stock of everything that is leading and desirable for spring. A large attendance to this week's display is assured, and the occasion will be a pleasure to every visitor.

Silks.

Dress
Goods.Mil-
linery.Special
Notice.Laces and
Trimmings.

Everything Strictly as Represented.

TRANKLA, JAMIESON & CO.
THE BOSTON STORE.